

In Cold Storage

By Alan Fothergill

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Among the possessions acquired by Miss Verda Bliss when she became heiress to the estate of Geoffrey Wadhams, her uncle, was a piece of city property she had never seen. She had been content to receive a regular, though varying income from this, leaving the details of the matter to her lawyer.

"It is some kind of a warehouse," Verda explained to a cousin, "and, the lawyer has told me, it is in an out-of-the-way locality among the river docks, and valuable only because it is adapted to the uses to which it is devoted. I have never seen it. Mr. Crompton has advised me to go to it, for there may be an opportunity to sell or trade it. I am to go to the city Tuesday, to look it over for the first time."

Verda was greatly pleased at the attention and interest bestowed upon her, when she reached the office of her lawyer that Tuesday morning. The old attorney, Mr. Crompton, was most friendly, and he tried to make Verda understand the condition of affairs without vexing that equable but inexperienced mind of hers.

"Here is the problem, Miss Bliss," he stated. "The property, as such, is shut out from all business frontage, with only a narrow courtyard leading to it over a maze of railroad tracks. For twenty years the old building, a steel-structured warehouse, has been used as a warehouse and elevator. Your uncle had regular clients among the canal boat and lake steamer men, and did something in the cold-storage line for a time. Since he died we have had a man named Delbridge in charge. I discharged this man last week, when I received absolute information that he was holding back a part of the income charges. We will have to find some honest and trustworthy person to take his place, go over the records, and if we learn that the pecuniations have been of any magnitude and kept up for years, we shall bring this Delbridge to time."

"And what can poor, inexperienced me do in such a tangled?" inquired Verda in pretty dismay.

"You must decide what you want done," replied Mr. Crompton. "I have thought it best to have you visit the property, and then determine whether you wish the business continued under a new manager, or sold out, with the returns from the real estate and the money invested otherwise. Mr. Dare," called out the lawyer, and his assistant entered the room.

"Our Mr. Dare will take you over the property, Miss Bliss," spoke Mr. Crompton, and Verda scanned closely the clear-eyed, pleasant-faced young man who acknowledged the informal introduction with a courteous bow. They were chatting like real friends before they had covered two squares.

"You can get a better idea of the location and environment of the property on foot," explained Elston Dare.

"We seem to be penetrating a rather nondescript neighborhood," suggested his fair companion. She kept close to her guide, for the narrow thoroughfares were congested with trucks and carts, and the sidewalks almost covered with boxes, bales and hogheads. Once Miss Blair, glancing back, narrowly scrutinized a man who lost himself promptly as he noticed that he was observed. Dare detected a slight quiver of the dainty gloved hand holding his arm.

"What was it?" he inquired solicitously.

"A man I have noticed before," replied Miss Bliss. "I am sure he and another followed me when I left the depot."

"You do not now see the one you just discovered?"

"No, he has disappeared."

They reached the grim, almost windowless structure on the river side, and, interested in her new surroundings, Verda forgot her previous nervous fears. Dare had a key to the great padlocked door. He turned on the electric light. It illuminated a dark spiral stairway.

"All the rest of the building, except the little office at the top, has been used for storage," he explained.

"How chilly and damp it is," murmured Miss Bliss, and she was quite out of breath when they reached a little pen of a place holding a desk and a safe. Dare bestowed his charge in a chair and began to describe the business carried on.

"Just now all the elevator holds is some stored grain," he told her. "My plan would be, if you decide to continue the business, to resume the cold-storage department and utilize the

lower floor of the elevator for short-time merchandise storage. I am instructed to bring the books back to the office. We shall go over them thoroughly and see how far the discharged Delbridge has manipulated them."

Dare had barely unlocked the safe when the door was burst open. Three men entered the room.

"Those two!" cried Verda, paling and arising to her feet in consternation. "They are the men who followed me from the depot."

The third Dare at once recognized as Delbridge, the discharged manager. At a signal from the latter his associate, seized Dare by the arms and backed him to the wall, Delbridge picked up the books Dare had dropped when assailed.

"We'll see to it that these telltale documents don't see the light again," he chuckled. Then he turned upon the affrighted Verda. "We mean business," he said coolly, "but you're not going to be harmed. Your friends have tried to blacken my reputation and you've got to pay for it."

"What do you mean?" breathed Verda in a tremulous tone.

"I mean that I'm going to leave these parts and propose that you finance me for the journey," blithely responded the villain. "You have plenty of money. You will give me an order or a check for five thousand dollars. I'll send one of my men to get it cashed. When he does, you shall go free."

"Yes, yes," assented Verda readily, "only do not mistreat Mr. Dare!"

The latter was struggling to release himself and his two captors were treating him roughly.

"Do not give these scoundrels a cent, Miss Bliss!" shouted Dare, and made a desperate effort to break away from them.

"Here!" cried Delbridge, sliding back a door at one side of the little room. "Give him the benefit of solitude and darkness till we finish our negotiations with the young lady."

Verda screamed in outright terror as the two men gave Dare a fling into the dark space and Delbridge drew close the door again. Dare felt himself falling. He swung out both hands. One grazed a chain, there was a sharp click. The chain slipped through his fingers and he went downward several feet and landed on a mass resembling a bank of shifting sand.

In a flash he guessed where he was—in one of those sealed compartments where grain was stored. The close musty air was stifling. He had sunk up to the knees in the mass of oats. Like a man in quicksand his body began to sink deeper and deeper.

He tried to anchor himself steadily. The foot could not be accomplished. Then he noted with a thrill of concern that the mass was moving and that he was moving with it.

The grain was going down the discharge chute, he decided.

The chain he had grazed must be the one controlling the door to the chute down which ordinarily grain was loaded into the holds of boats taking in a cargo. Twice the mass nearly engulfed him. With a prodigious effort Dare drew his feet out of the grating mass and managed to lay flat on his back. At the rate of hundreds of bushels a minute the grain was pouring into the mouth of the chute. He was tossed, rolled, engulfed, cast upwards like a feather amid tumbling, rushing sea drift. Gradually the vortex current lowered, he aimed to strike the side of the great bin with his feet, missed, and was whirled into the confined space of the glass-smooth sides of the chute.

Splash! He had reached the end of the chute to fall not into the hold of some boat, but squarely into the river. He came up to find himself in the midst of a flood of thousands of bushels of floating grain.

"Aloof, there!" rang out a boisterous tone from the dock, and a rope was flung him by one of a throng wondering viewing the strange waste of precious grain. Dare was pulled up to the wharf platform, half blinded, choking, well-nigh collapsing.

"Quick!" he gasped—"some one hurry for the police!"

"What's up?" challenged his rescuer.

"Some scoundrels—they tried to kill me. They are holding a young lady captive up in the elevator office."

Contrary to their designs, the scheming Delbridge and his confederates were led out of the building handcuffed by the emissaries of the law. Miss Bliss clung to Dare's arm in feverish, almost hysterical agitation.

She shuddered as Dare recited his meagre experience. She was solicitous and kindly, more than friendly, as they proceeded back to the lawyer's office. Wise, observant Samuel Crompton smiled quietly to himself as he heard what had happened.

"My client will soon have a husband to look after her affairs," he soliloquized.

And he was right.

Shower Bath and Massage.

A Texan is the inventor of a combined shower bath and massage machine, brushes being revolved by an electric motor against a person standing within a tall cylinder into which water is sprayed.

The word itself. A few days later her mother was scrubbing the porch and she came out with her little broom, and after scrubbing vigorously for a few minutes she leaned over on her broom, drew a long breath, and said: "It takes lots of shoulder water to get this porch clean, don't it?"

Cocoanuts All Year 'Round.

Across Lake Worth, from West Palm Beach, Fla., is Palm Beach, situated on a strip which extends along the Atlantic ocean for many miles. The world famous Royal Poinciana, one of the world's largest hotels, and the Palm Beach hotel, both face Lake Worth. The shores of the lake for miles are fringed with stately coconut trees, always in bearing.

A Silly Question.

When the bicycle was at the height of its popularity one of the comic papers had a squib in which a neighbor was represented as asking of a five-year-old, "Can your baby sister walk yet, Johnny?" "Walk?" responded Johnny, scornfully, "I should say not. She can't even ride a bicycle yet."

Meant Same to Her.

The little fairy of a home had heard someone say that the man who did the plastering didn't use enough elbow grease, and had asked what it meant, and was told that he did not bear down hard enough. The meaning seemed to lodge in her mind more forcibly than

WLADEK ZBYSZKO WINS HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF WORLD



Wladek Zbyszko holding the gold belt, the token of the heavyweight wrestling championship of the world, which he won by defeating all the contestants in the tournament which just closed in New York.

The "Mighty Pole," as the new champion is known, weighs 232 pounds and stands six feet one-half inch tall. He has been endowed physically with every advantage a wrestler could ask, even to the bullet-shaped head.

He was seventeen years old when he first started out as a jockey, and he was scouted at 90 pounds. Today, with four years added to his age, he can make 103 pounds and still be strong.

His first race at Belmont Park, will always stand as one of the most remarkable performances. Johnny was at the track with his brother, Tommy, who was to ride August Belmont's Mission.

For some reason Tommy could not ride that day, and Johnny put on the colors to see how he would look in them. Louis Fuestal, trainer for Belmont, intended to scratch the mare, when he spied Johnny and when Johnny pleaded to be allowed to take his brother's place Fuestal consented and sent him to the post with the remark that "she has no chance, anyhow."

One of Whitney's horses, Prince Eugene, was a 1 to 8 choice in the race, and the Belmont mare was quoted in the 10s. When the horses dashed under the wire there was little Johnny, riding Mission at the front of the bunch, and then and there the A. D. T. lost a mighty good messenger boy and the racing world won a star jockey.

The following year Johnny McTaggart ranked first among the winning jockeys of the country, and although he fell down in 1915 and was second to Frank Robinson in 1916, he piloted his mounts to victories which brought the total of his winnings to \$156,000.

Jimmy Clabby Champion Fighter in Australia

James Clabby of Hammond, Ind., has just received a letter from his son, Jimmy, in Australia, stating that he now is heavyweight champion of the Antipodes, having recently won a decision over Albert Lloyd in a 20-round contest.

Records Won by Gotch.

The late Frank Gotch holds several records as wrestling champion. He tossed Stanislaus Zbyszko to the mat in six and a quarter seconds, the shortest bout on record. For endurance his first bout with George Hackenschmidt is another record.

Date for Penn-Cornell Game.

After a quarter of century the annual Penn vs. Cornell gridiron game will no longer be staged on Thanksgiving day in 1918. The colleges have agreed to meet Saturday, November 23, at Franklin field.

SPORTING JINGLES

Ran Johnson is not the most popular guy in the American league. Ty Cobb made 225 hits this year.

Harry Gerrmann will not be candidate for chairman of the national commission in 1920.

Take in a wrestling tourney if you don't believe 400 pounds of cheese can make an awful fuss.

Looks as though the International league will have a playless season in 1918.

Since the Frawley lay cashed in, New York fight promoters are observing many eatless days.

Plans to Honor Golfers.

An honor roll for devotees of the ancient game is desired by the United States association. The idea is to have a list ready by annual meeting date of not only those who have joined the service, but their rank as well.

What Do They Do?

Wesleyan college (Conn.) have discontinued lawn tennis, swimming and track sports.

Cut Out Stalling Tactics.

Milwaukee and Wisconsin boxing bouts will require contestants to cut out stalling tactics in future events, otherwise the purse will be forfeited by the boxer at fault and the money given to charity.

Nebraska Gives \$7,000.

University of Nebraska athletic department has donated \$7,000 to the Red Cross, and is to make further contributions.

Scudder Earns the Straps.

Larry Scudder, one-time Penn and New York A. C. star runner, has gained a lieutenantcy.

Billard Players Help.

Philadelphia room keepers, in order to aid the billiard players' ambulance fund, have decided to give 10 per cent of the receipts each Wednesday during the term of the campaign.

Active Campaign Started to Encourage Athletics and to Raise Money for Equipment.

The American Athletic union has started an active campaign to encourage athletes in the army and navy training camps and to raise money for equipment. Charles A. Dean of Chicago, new manager of the union, is described as "a live wire carrying 10,000 volts," and he is demonstrating his right to that title. "The biggest things are the army and navy camps," he says, "and there is where we are going to begin."

Will Assist Camp Sports

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JOHNNY M'TAGGART MADE GOOD QUICKLY

Jumped From Messenger to Great Jockey in Short Order.

Famous Little Rider Quit Delivering Messages to Mount Horse When Older Brother Was Incapacitated—Won His Race.

Little Johnny McTaggart, considered by many followers of racing the best jockey since the great Tod Sloan quit riding the gallopers, began his struggle in the big work-day world as a messenger boy.

Johnny was born on Manhattan Island, and from an humble beginning as an A. D. T. Mercury he drifted into the racing game, where in four years' time he has worked his way into the jockey major league. Johnny, of course, got his inspiration to become a jockey from his brother, Tom, and although Tommy is a great jock, his younger brother has passed him in the matter of riding winners.

The old saw about good horses making good jockeys may be all right, but according to Johnny McTaggart, the good jockeys can ride poor horses to victory, as he has done so many times.

Riding under the colors of R. T. Wilson, and piloting such horses as the great Campfire, which won nearly \$50,000 for his owner last year, McTaggart holds the hopes and fears of those who follow Wilson's colors every time he mounts a horse.

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A LITTLE BIT HUMOROUS

HIS IDEA



"Hard luck again."

"Why so?"

"Just got hit with a horse and cart; when it might have been an automobile."

Is it Not?

It's easy to say what another should do in the struggle for glory or pelf; but when the same problems are put up to you.

Ain't it hard to decide for yourself?

Of Course.

"There's one thing I'd like to know," said Mrs. Dubwaite.

"Well, my dear?" replied Mr. Dubwaite.

"Why is it that when you leave the house for your office in the morning you get there in about twenty minutes, but when you leave the office at night to come home it takes you anywhere from forty-five minutes to three hours to get here?"

"Why—er—that's easily explained. Toward the close of day obstacles accumulate."

Time to Concentrate.

"Why, I fell in love with first one girl and then another before I got married," said the susceptible young man. "I scattered my affections all over the map."

"That is all right, son," replied the elderly philosopher. "Nobody will object to what you did then, just so you broke yourself of the scattering habit on your wedding day."

Superb Strategy.

"Have you any geniuses in this town?"

"I don't recall but one just now."

"Poet, painter or musician?"

"No. He's a chap who contrives to stay illuminated week in and week out, despite the fact that this town is dry."

The Right Advice.

"What do you suppose Miss Pert said when I asked her if I was in the market for matrimonial consideration?"

"What did she say?"

"That I must go to Par before she could take any stock in my proposition."

MORE CLASSY

"Lovely sunset tonight, Mrs. De Swell?"

"Mercy, I never look at an American sunset! They're so much more classy over in Italy, don't you know?"

Long Winded.

"Let's go."

"No. Let's wait a while longer. I believe the orator is reaching his peroration."

"You're mistaken. That's his handkerchief he's reaching for. He'll mop his brow with it and start all over again."

Not That Kind.

"Sir, your son made an asseveration."

"Bless the boy! He's always making some kind of an invention."

Outmatched.

"Do you think the widow is setting her cap for him?"

"No; she tells me he is clever but impossible. If the widow finds him impossible, he must be clever."

A Mild Rebuke.

"Judging from the pictures of Miss Decollete in that society paper, she is in urgent need of being taken to a hospital."

"For what reason?"

"To have her cuts dressed."

Stop That Cold At Once

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